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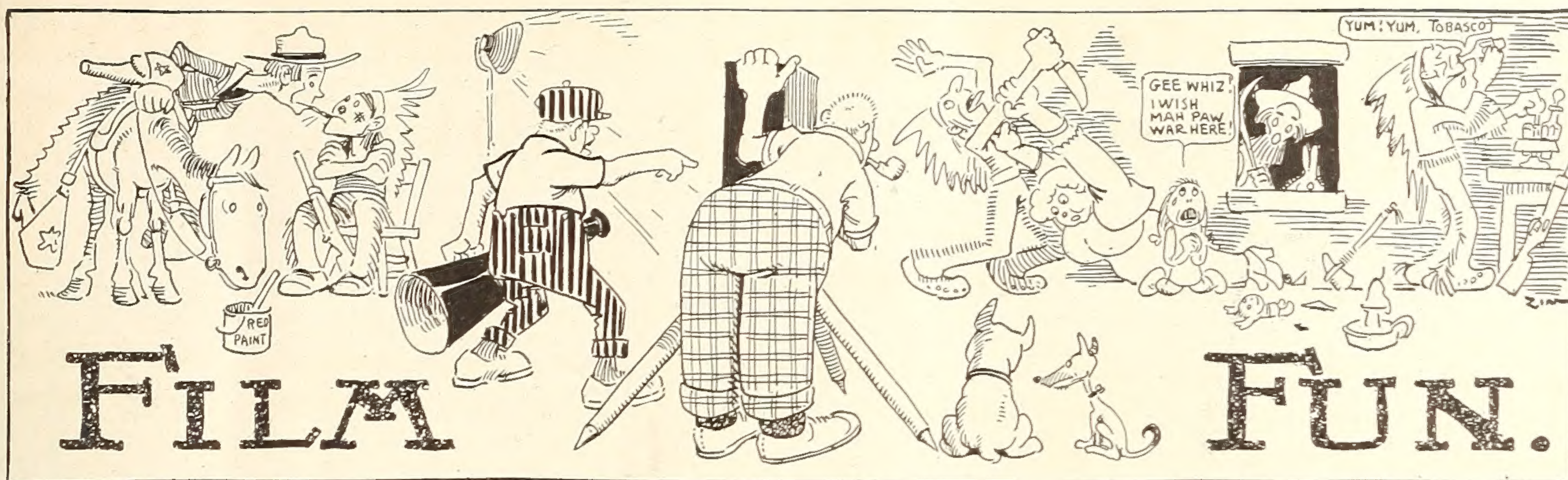
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## EDITORIALS

### The Needed Touch



IT HAS been dimly realized for months that something was lacking in the motion pictures. We had romance, tragedy, comedy, thrills and features without number. There was yet a void. Motion picture fans, graduated from attentive reading of the "Advice" columns of the daily papers, felt the lack. It was the yearning of the hungry man who longs for special food and does not know exactly what he wants.

Now we know what we have lacked. For with the advent of Beatrice Fairfax and Ella Wheeler Wilcox on the screen, we sigh and know that the aching void has been filled. We have missed the romantic girl who has her troubles with her girl friends and her "fellow." We have missed that grandly soulful stuff that made life worth living in the papers and magazines that printed the Beatrice Fairfax and Ella Wheeler Wilcox contributions.

We joyfully welcome them to the screen. We know this is going to be good.



### A Modern Influence



PERHAPS there is no modern influence that has so left its mark on the travails of war as the motion pictures.

Last month FILM FUN printed a letter from a Canadian officer at the front, in which he mentioned the value of the motion picture theaters for the soldiers. In spite of the fact that shells were whizzing all about the theater, the men remained until the last foot of film had been shown.

"We have shells every day," they said, "but we cannot always have the chance to see Fatty."

They have their favorites among the screen folk. They watch for them eagerly. When they are in active service and cannot get in touch with the traveling picture theaters that are provided, they pore over the motion picture magazines and recall the delights of former pictures they have seen. On another page FILM FUN presents another such letter.

"We have seen them in the pictures many times," say the writers, "and we still wish to keep in touch with the outer and joyous part of this old world."

Possibly a more pathetic thought has not been voiced since the beginning of the war. Even in the midst of such grim tragedy as the world has never known, they appreciate the value of a bit of comedy. They need it. They hunger for comedy.

Long after the tragedians are forgotten, be they never so good in their line, the comedians are remembered.



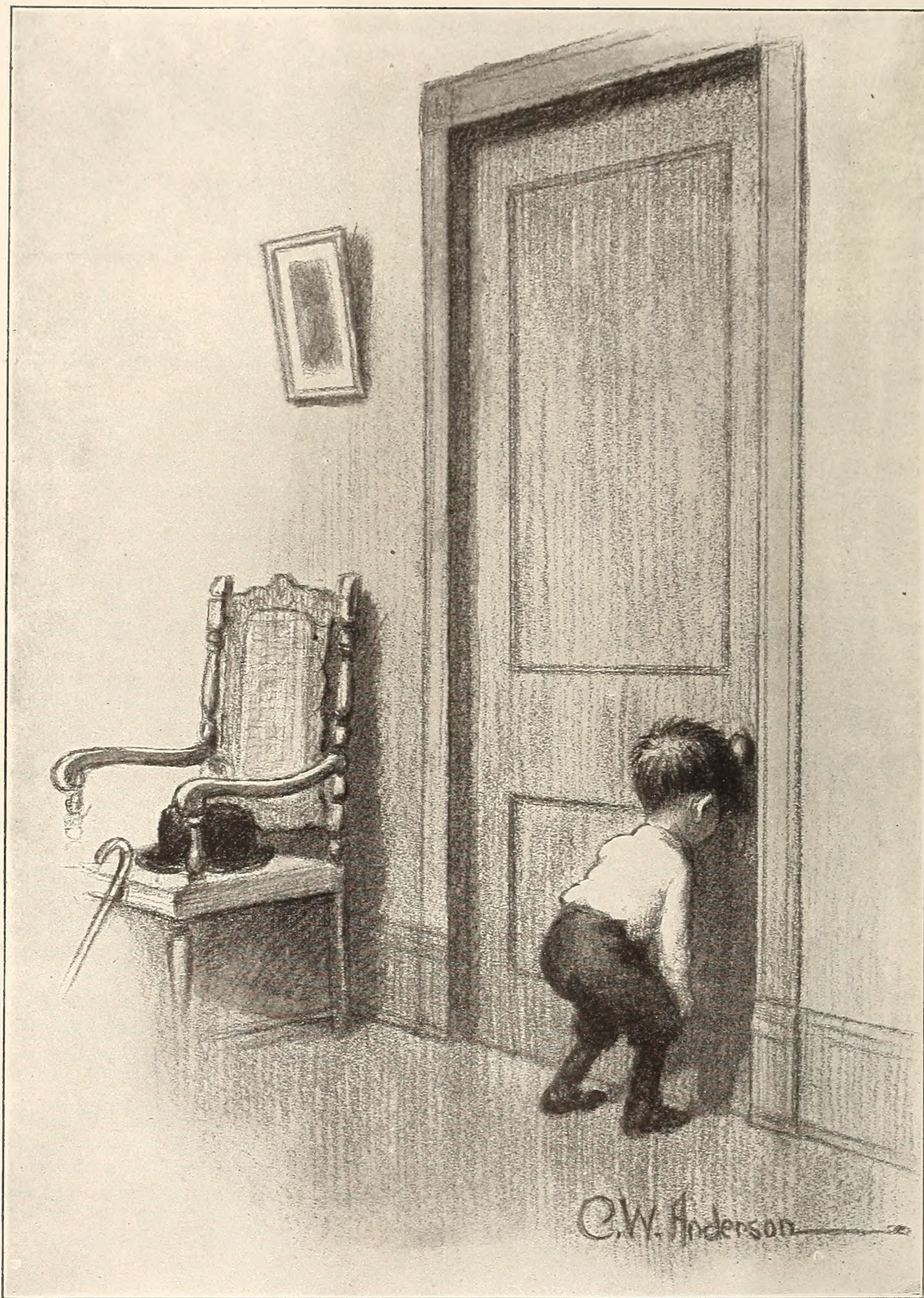
### The Danger Stunts

EVEN the circus eliminated the danger stunts some time ago. When they had found someone foolhardy enough to turn a double somersault in an automobile, they sensibly determined that the public could never again be satisfied with a lesser thrill. It was hardly possible to produce a greater one.

The motion picture producers will learn this in time. Danger stunts in motion pictures are not humorous. They are not always thrilling.

The one thing they most surely indicate is a paucity of ideas in the producer's brain.





JUDGE

### THE BLACKMAILER.

How Jimmy gets a dime for the picture show.





VITAGRAPH

**"SUNSHINE MARY" ANDERSON**

Who has just been awarded the vote for being the most popular girl on the General Film Program of the Seattle and Northwest Exhibition. Miss Anderson is only a tiny, little girl at heart and only 18 years in age, and when someone sent her a basket containing three fluffy, cunning little kittens, she put them right in her bonnet and spent a happy hour playing with them. The kittens look happy, too. They are perfectly willing to live with "Sunshine Mary."





BIOGRAPH

Wilfrid Lucas and Linda A. Griffith

But salaries were certainly going up, and actors coming to stay, and slowly but surely forgetting all about dazzling footlights and the applause of audiences.

Very soon after Frank Powell was initiated into Biograph, entered James Kirkwood, who just recently has severed connections with the Famous Players, where for some years past he has been directing Mary Pickford and Hazel Dawn. As I recall it, David W. Griffith found James Kirkwood at the Players Club and persuaded him to come down to the Biograph and see how moving pictures might appeal to him. So he sauntered into the studio one day, watched a picture being taken, saw other pictures "run" in the little projecting room upstairs, and decided that the appeal was sufficient to warrant a "try." The "try" satisfied, and Mr. Kirkwood's connection with pictures began that day and has ever since continued. Mr. Kirkwood, in turn, introduced to moving picture life Henry Walthall, always in the old days affectionately known as "Wally." He, like the late Arthur Johnson, was one of those rather rare personalities who was universally loved both on and off the screen. And speaking of Jim Kirkwood, "Wally" Walthall and Arthur Johnson takes me back to the little farming village of Cuddebackville, in the Catskill Mountains, where so many of the famous, old-time "A.B.'s" were produced, and to Caudebec Inn, where we stopped, usually filling every vacant room and scurrying among the neighboring farmhouses for extra lodgings before all the members of the company were comfortably domiciled. We used to have great old times up at that little inn, and looking backward, I can always see "Wally" Walthall entertaining us in the spotless, little, rag-carpeted hotel parlor by singing old Southern ditties as only a true Southern gentleman from Alabama can. And now while I am back in the little old parlor, I can go no further without mentioning the one-time famous duets sung by Arthur Johnson and Mack Sennett. They were some song team, with Arthur always at the piano, and while he could play 'most any old ragtime music, the song we liked to hear him play

and sing most was—I must quote a few lines—they run something like this:

"We traced her little footprints in the snow—  
God bless her soul!  
We traced her little footprints in the snow.  
For it was in the wintertime  
When the little girl I called mine  
Was captured, when the snow was on the ground!"

Anyone who happens to know the air to which these classic lines are to be sung, and can imagine a personality like Arthur Johnson's delivering them, will agree with me that he could have been a headliner in vaudeville quite as easily as he became a moving picture star. Mack Sennett's favorite solo, and one that was always sung "by request," was the tale about the "Farmer and his horse, Napoleon," and Sennett always sang it in true rube character, enjoying the singing of it himself quite as much as we enjoyed hearing it. Just once did this famous old-time song team have a misunderstanding, and Sennett refused to sing any more duets. Arthur Johnson, always so good-natured, tried hard to make peace with Sennett. He would play away on the piano, imploring Sennett to join him, but it was no use. Sennett remained obdurate; not a line of song would he warble. Finally the silence got on Arthur's nerves, and he burst forth to the assemblage, saying, "I wouldn't mind if he'd fuss with me, but this 'silence' thing gets on my nerves." Shortly afterward Sennett began to soften a bit, and solos and duets were again in order.

Everybody in the village of Cuddebackville was a "Cuddeback," corruption of the French Caudebec, and only preserved in its purity in the name of the inn. I speak of this merely to tell a tale about the little old cemetery, which was directly in back of the hotel and bore the name "Cuddeback" on every tombstone there. We wanted to take a scene in the cemetery one day, and not wishing to incur the displeasure of either the dead or the live Cuddebacks, we said nothing about it. We put up a second



camera (there was no film in it, but that didn't matter) over by the canal bank and took scenes of a fake picture. The villagers soon gathered about, and so the real scene, which was being enacted at the same time in the cemetery, proceeded unmolested. The cemetery now brings me to Tony O'Sullivan (accent on the O), for he loved to recount ghost stories to us of a night, and after we had listened to numerous hair-raisers and were about to retire, but rather afraid to, for fear of what nightmares might come, he would insist upon our going out into the night and wandering through the cemetery, where our already sufficiently impressed minds were in good form to see 'most any sort of a spook. You see, by this time we were quite ready to agree with Tony O' that he had told us a "really, truly ghost story," and so he was happy. It was innocent enough fun, but we could afford to be simple humans once in a while, and not talk about our newly acquired bungalows, Chippendale dining-room furniture or the present-day picture star's inevitable motor car. And then, true, too, we didn't have them.

Talent was versatile, too, in the good old days! What a wonderful dinner Wally Walthall and I cooked at the minister's farmhouse! I say it in all humility, but it was such a good dinner! We were working in a picture called "Comata, the Sioux," and being quite some distance from

the inn, and also seeing some tempting spring chickens running about the place where we were working, we asked the minister's wife if she wouldn't sell us a dozen or so, which she did. Then we asked if we couldn't borrow her kitchen, and she graciously turned it over to us, along with a pound or so of freshly ground coffee, glasses of homemade jellies, newly made biscuits ready for the oven and a generous supply of real cream. Well, Wally Walthall fried that chicken (we had a country lad kill and clean them for us) and made a wonderful cream gravy. I made the coffee and baked the biscuits, and the fortunate dozen or so that happened to be working that a. m. surely sat down to a most tempting noonday meal, for Mr. Walthall's fried chicken could not be equaled even at the Ritz-Carlton, New York. According to the present-day movie star's ambitious press agent (unknown quantities in the days I am telling of), that luncheon would now appear mysteri-

ously from somewhere on a mahogany or French enameled tea wagon, with monogrammed linen and the other appurtenances, with a properly garbed butler in attendance.

Many fine pictures were produced up at Cuddebackville—pictures that did much to establish such actors and directors as Henry Walthall, James Kirkwood, Frank Powell, Mack Sennett; but Mary Pickford remains about the only one of the women, Marion Leonard and Florence Lawrence having since stepped out of the running. Those who remember Mary Pickford in "The Mountaineer's Honor" and "Willful Peggy," both taken at Cuddebackville, know how much pictures such as these did to establish her in the affections of the public. In a way, Mary had an easy road to fame, for she was practically alone in the field. No Marguerite Clarks, Marie Doros or coming Bessie Loves were on hand then to run the race with her, and she was known from Australia to Germany before her present-day

competitors had even been seen on the screen of a moving picture theater anywhere.

I believe I mentioned—or, if I didn't, I should have done so, so do it now—a picture called "Fools of Fate." It was a classic of its time a one-reeler, with Marion Leonard, James Kirkwood and Frank Powell. To-day we would do it in five reels, and I'm inclined to think it is more worthy of five reels than some we now see stretched out to that length.



BIOGRAPH

# "LINES OF WHITE ON A SULLEN SEA"

James Kirkwood, George Nichols and Linda A. Griffith

There is a funny incident connected with "Fools of Fate" also, something about a plate—I think I have it—but first a word about the story. A woman living a lonely life in the country begins to be bored. Her husband, out on a shooting expedition, falls from his canoe into the river and is rescued by a man—a passer-by. Afterward the rescuer, all unknowing, meets the bored wife of the man whose life he had saved, and being a happy, much alive Frenchman, sees no harm in an innocent flirtation with the sun-bonneted lass. But, of course, the time was wrong, and conditions, and so they fall in love and are about to elope, when husband appears on the scene, and rescuer and rescued meet for the second time. Some situation! Lover leaves, and later husband tries to commit suicide; so while wife is out, he ties a string to the trigger of his gun, attaches string to latch on door, so that when it is opened and the gun pointed to him, he will be shot. To protect himself



from any possible hurt from the shot, Mr. Kirkwood secured a nice tin plate and put it under his coat or vest. The wife eventually opens the door, husband is killed, of course, while Frenchman, quite recovered from his flirtation and all unconscious of the tragedy he had innocently started, goes gayly singing down the roadway.



"A DROP OF WATER."

One of the first pretentious two-reelers produced by Mr. Griffith in California.

The shooting scenes took place in the studio, and some hours later it was lunch-time. Jim Kirkwood had kept very quiet about his plate, but later, when we all sat or stood at luncheon, sandwiches and pie in hand, the dishes having failed to arrive, along comes Mr. Kirkwood, waving aloft his brightly shining new tin plate, on which he placed his sandwiches and pie with a manner so superior one might think his luncheon was being served on Crown china or Sheffield silver.

To induce actors from the stage to work in pictures even when they were lured by a bait of twenty dollars a day, which soon came to pass, was a mighty discouraging affair in the very early days. Frank Craven, since famous as the author of "Too Many Cooks," and now the bright and shining light in "Seven Chances," used to come down and watch pictures being taken once in a while. He invited Mr. Griffith up to the Lambs' Club to see if he couldn't induce some "Lamb" to act in movies. Jack Standing was one who offered to come down and try it for twenty per day, but somehow nobody seemed particularly anxious. To impress upon the minds of the uninitiated that moving pictures were a new art was hard sledding, and the ones that consented to come down and look it over came with minds inclined to be skeptical. But hard as it was at first to get men, it was much harder to get women. They would not leave that drammer—how they loved it!—to work in a dingy studio, with no footlights, no admiring audience to applaud them and no "pretty make-ups." Mr. Griffith would go the rounds of the dramatic agencies to get new types, and sometimes I accompanied him on these visits and would wait in the taxi while he would interview any possible recruits. After visiting each agency his usual remark would be, "I can get men, but I cannot get women. They simply won't come." He was referring, of course, to women who had accomplished things on the dramatic stage, as, of course, these agencies wouldn't consider handling a moving picture actor. To-day we have a half dozen agencies placing moving picture people alone, and a visit to any of them 'most any afternoon will show you how

times have changed and how anyone ambitious for screen honors these days must be content to make many calls, spend many nickels and dimes on 'phone calls asking for appointments, and use up stamps and stationery writing for appointments.

Marion Sunshine, of the famous vaudeville team of Sunshine and Tempest, late of the Winter

Garden, New York, worked in some old-time Biographs. How she happened to do so is perhaps interesting enough to tell, so I'll tell it.

Austin Webb, who opens soon in "The Guilty Man," one of A. H. Woods's new productions, was one day, some seven years ago, walking with Mr. Griffith in one of the "Forties." A little black-haired girl passed by with an elderly woman, evidently her mother. Mr. Griffith said to Austin Webb, "Now, that's the kind of a girl I'm looking for." Mr. Webb said, "Well, why not speak to her. No doubt she is an actress." Mr. Griffith felt he couldn't do that, so Mr. Webb volunteered to do so for him. He promptly approached the girl and her mother and asked her if she would like to work in a moving picture, to which she promptly answered, "Oh, I'd just love to! I love pictures!" So that is how Marion Sunshine came down and worked at the Biograph in a number of pictures, until she rejoined her sister "Tempest" in vaudeville the next season. It was quite a surprise to the studio when we discovered that we had unknowingly acquired such a famous personality.

While it was difficult to convince the disinterested that from this baby art and industry great things were inevitably to come, it was even hard to keep an unswerving faith ourselves sometimes. Longings came over us at times to return to former ambitions. A little story to close with will illustrate the doubts that were bound to come. Mr. Griffith had always been known on the dramatic stage as "Lawrence Griffith," but on the plays and stories that he wrote he always used his own good name of "David W." The two names would get mixed up at times, and I tried to persuade him to use the David W. in his picture work. But, no! he turned a deaf ear to all persuasion and would inevitably reply, "Well, when I am a great playwright, I don't want it known that I ever worked in moving pictures, so I'll not be 'David W. G.' in pictures." All of which goes to show how foolish it is to say "what you will" and "what you won't."

(To be continued.)





© MOODY

Ethelmary Oakland has appeared in seventeen film accidents, but you'd never think it from this picture.

## Little Ethelmary Oakland to Play Big Part in "The World and the Woman."

**E**THELMARY OAKLAND, the seven-year-old actress who for the past two years has been featured in a number of Thanhouser films, having just recently completed an important part in "The Shine Girl," started five weeks rehearsing for "The World and the Woman," in which picture she will play the daughter of Jeanne Eagles.

Ethelmary, in her short but meteoric career, has been the victim of seventeen different accidents on the screen; hence her title of "Thanhouser's Little Dare-devil." In "The Only Way" she was a lost child who met with every variety of mishap conceivable by the fertile brain of the scenario writer; in "The Shine Girl" she falls off a high cliff into the ocean below, and is just sinking for the third time when Gladys Hulette has an opportunity to come to the rescue; and now in "The World and the Woman" this fearless youngster must slip from the banisters down a whole flight of stairs, supposedly seriously injuring her spine, so that Jeanne Eagles may bring her back to health by the "Faith Cure"; but Ethelmary has as many lives as

the traditional cat. Even before she went into pictures, this remarkable child actress played the lead in "The Littlest Rebel," on the "legitimate" stage, where she appeared with Frank Wilcox and Minnie Gombel, who recently became the bride of Harry Rumsey.

Last winter, in between posing for pictures, Ethelmary joined the Opera Company, playing the child in "Madam Butterfly," with the little Japanese prima donna, Tamaki Miuri. Every night, during this opera ballet engagement, when it came time for Pavlowa to dance, Ethelmary would watch the wings, and rarely a performance went by when the Russian ballerina did not throw the child at least one of her many bouquets. It was at the suggestion of Pavlowa that this versatile child, who swims, rides horseback, sings and portrays every emotion on the screen, took up toe dancing. She is now studying four times a week with Professor Constantine and will dance before the screen in a picture now being especially written for her, to be produced at the completion of "The World and the Woman."





MUTUAL

Florence Turner, posing in "A Welsh Singer," was an object of interest to an old Welsh sheep herder, who had never heard of motion pictures.

## Never Saw a Motion Picture

"WHAT'S the most interesting funny story you know?" asked the Two-minute Man of Florence Turner, who is the star in "A Welsh Singer."

Miss Turner paused just one moment—she knew the Two-minute Man was always in a hurry.

"It was an old man in the Welsh hills," she said promptly. "We went up there to get some sheep scenes for our play and ran across an old chap who had not left his sheep or his mountains but once in his life. He told us about that with a great deal of pride. It seems he went fifteen miles once to the funeral of a cousin, and it was the event of his life. He gave us the entire story, down to the refreshments they served and how well he looked in his black clothes.

"But he could not understand what we wanted with pictures of his sheep. He had never even heard of a motion picture in all his life. And he is eighty years old. It took us fully a day to explain it all to him and get his consent to take the pictures. He stood right there as long

as there was a scene being filmed, and I'll venture to say that the excitement of having attended that funeral has been entirely replaced in his mind by the adventures of the camera.

"I tried to make him understand just what the picture would be like, but he shook his head and could not credit it. However, the last message he yelled after us was that he was going to the nearest town, as soon as he could make arrangements to leave his flock of sheep, and see one of these motion pictures we had told him about."

✠ ✠

### Just Like Him

Mrs. Kriss had just finished reciting "Little Johnny Green" to her young hopeful. "Now, tell me why he put the pussy in the well."

"I suppose he saw it done at the pictures," was the answer.

✠ ✠

Miss Paul—That movie actress never mentions her age.

Miss Pry—No; but time is bound to tell.





THANHOUSER

MARIE SHOTWELL

### Miss Shotwell Discovers the Original Tightwad

MARIE SHOTWELL is convinced that she has discovered the original "agin the government" man, in the person of an ancient resident of Westchester County.

The discovery was made the other day, while Miss Shotwell, who is a new Thanouser star, was motoring through the Westchester district in the direction of New Rochelle, where she had an important appointment at the Thanouser studios and barely time to make it if all went well. However, all did not go well, for as the machine came rolling down a small hill, it began to show symptoms of trouble, and presently stopped with a suddenness that jolted its occupants several feet from their seats.

"I saw at once, by the manner in which the chauffeur started in to do repairs, that we were apt to be delayed indefinitely," said Miss Shotwell, in relating the incident; "but, fortunately, we were running parallel to a car track, and this gave me hope. We had stopped in front of a little white cottage, tucked in among the trees, and picturesque, even to the white-bearded farmer that leaned against the gate, smoking a pipe.

"The old man had been watching us, and when he saw that he had attracted our attention, came out and asked if he could do anything to assist us. I told him we might want to tie the machine to his fence over night and asked if he could tell us where we could make connections with the interurban car.

"'About three miles east of here,' he answered.

"'But,' I said, becoming alarmed, 'don't the cars stop any nearer than that?'

"'They do—right here,' he snapped, pointing a crooked finger at a post almost in front of his house; 'but it will cost you another nickel, and you don't want them railway magnates to get rich off of *you*, do you?'



### The Gardening Fever

*Writer*—I've just got an idea for a scenario from seeing "The Man with the Hoe."

*Wife*—What are you going to call it?

*Writer*—"A Woman with a Rake."





FOX

June Caprice, in "Little Miss Happiness," in which she co-stars with Harry Hilliard, sees a mouse. And she is the only one who is brave enough to stay on the floor. But, then, the table and chairs seem to be pretty well occupied.

## Stars

By LOIS ZELLNER

THEY call 'em stars—

I wonder why!

I asked an actor passing by.

His eyes looked bravely into mine.

Said he,

"BECAUSE WE SHINE!"

I turned away, dissatisfied.

Directors ought to know.

I asked one.

"All right," he said;

"BECAUSE THEY ARE ALWAYS OUT AT NIGHT!"

His answer sounded wrong somehow.

A new thought chased along.

Press agents always get things right.

"Come across," I said to one.

"No bum jokes."

"Aha!" he cried;

"BECAUSE THEY LOOK DOWN ON COMMON FOLKS!"

As a last resort, I

Sought one who might know.

It was a producer.

"You foot the bills," I said;

"You ought to know why."

He groaned as he sunk farther back in his chair,

And told the office boy he was in an

IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

"Gosh darn it!" he said. "It's

BECAUSE THEY COME SO HIGH!"

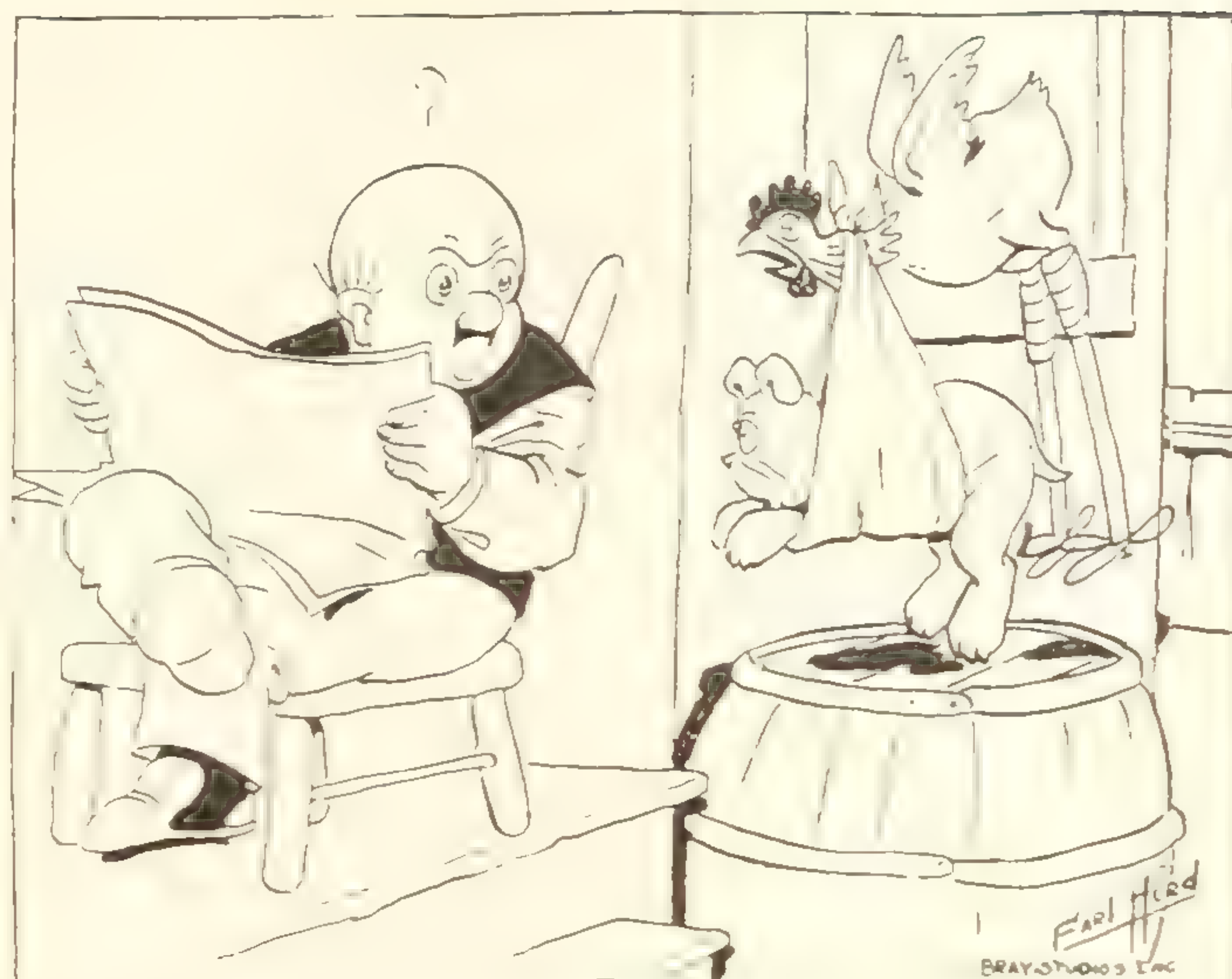


# Adventures of Bobby Bumps and His Dog



PARAMOUNT-BRAY

Bobby plans a surprise for his father. He deftly rigs a rooster up as a stork—



PARAMOUNT-BRAY

—and drops the cargo through the roof. Father does not seem to appreciate the surprise.

## Speaking from Experience

The scene showed a couple returning from their honeymoon.

"Pop, when does the honeymoon usually end?" asked a boy of a henpecked-looking man.

"Just as soon as the couple begin to act natural."

✕ ✕

## She Knew Her Part

*Friend*—How did Miss Film act when you kissed her?

*Actor*—She took her part so well that I asked for an encore.

✕ ✕

*Kriss*—Is the leading man good at bowling?

*Kross*—Yes; he just made a "ten strike" with me.

## Hazy Prospects

*Director*—You are supposed to have a dream of a hat.

*Actress*—That is easy. This position won't warrant anything more substantial.

✕ ✕

## Working the Worker

*Bonn*—Did the actor lend his influence to secure you a position?

*Tonn*—Yes; then he borrowed my first week's salary.

✕ ✕

## What's in a Name?

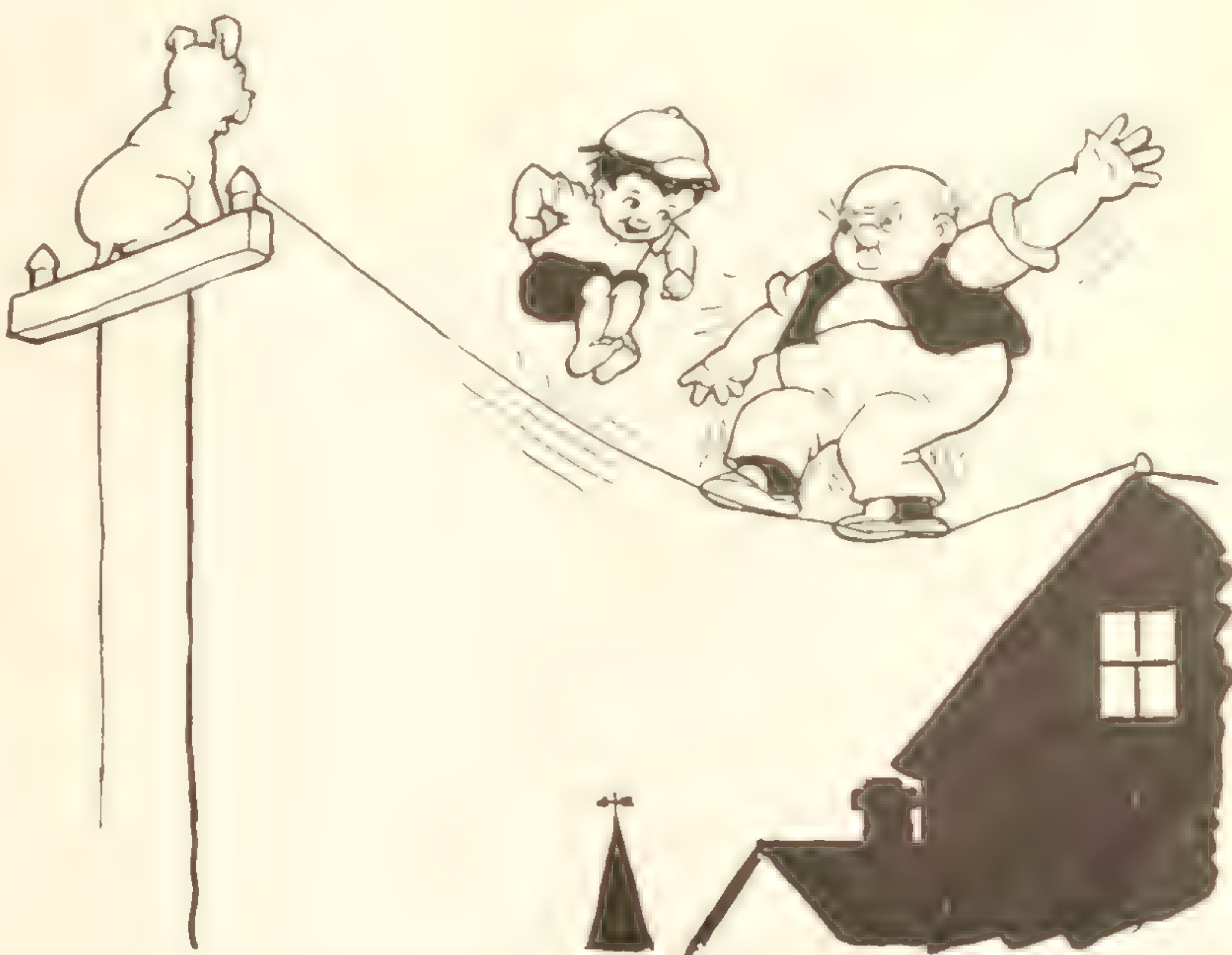
*Humm*—Did the motion picture artist make a name for himself?

*Drum*—Yes; he printed one to put in his letterbox.



PARAMOUNT-BRAY

Bobby considers a nice, cool refrigerator an ideal place for a mouse—but uncle objects.



PARAMOUNT-BRAY

Elderly people make a dreadful mistake when they essay a rope walk, especially if they are fat.





#### FAMOUS PLAYERS

No wonder Marguerite Clark is such a winsome little fairy. This is about as much of a meal as she ever eats. A cup of tea and a thin bread and butter sandwich is a heavy meal for her, and half the time when she is working she touches no food at all until the day is over. Miss Clark says everybody eats too much. She would take all her meals al fresco, if she could.

#### A Reg'lar Feller

William Farnum has a friend who also wears the Christian name of William. This second William has a little heir of three, named Frederick. When Frederick's third birthday arrived, it was decided that the youth discard petticoats for a grown-up costume of knickerbockers. His mother, in honor of the memorable occasion, served a great cake and led the infant to the seat of grace in the dining-room.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "now you are a little man!"

Frederick drew himself up proudly and asked his mother, in a stage whisper,

"Can I call pa Bill now?"

✕ ✕

*Ripp*—What did you think of the comedy?

*Rapp*—It lacked "flashes" of wit.



#### Worn Out

An East Side drama was being screened. A woman was busy putting a patch in a pair of trousers; a man was laying off on a sofa.

"Mamma," said a little girl, "do those pants belong to the man?"

"Yes," she answered. "I suppose he wears those while he is sitting down, waiting for something to turn up."

✕ ✕

Two Irishmen were watching a picture showing a number of sailors leaving their ship for shore leave.

"Do yez notice phot a roll thim lads walk wid?" said one.

"Yes," was the reply; "and I bet they hov a roll in their pockets that they will exchange for a stagger."





AMERICAN BEAUTY

These children, in "Spider Barton's Soft Spot," throw their whole soul into their acting. Frequently they do better than the grown-ups.

"You've got to give them all kinds of laughs to keep them coming," said a director, whose great success has been largely due to his clever introduction of children into pictures. "But in my opinion, the laugh that's half weep is the most effective. There's no better way to get it than by kiddies. The children never fail."

The pictures that make the very biggest hit are the pictures that appeal to people's hearts. Everyone understands the appeal of childhood. So every well-equipped motion picture studio has its coterie of child players. There are two companies made up entirely of juveniles. One, at Universal City, is directed by Miss Lule Warrenton. The other is the Cosmophoto Film Company, the members of which appear mostly in juvenile burlesques. The children of the pictures have just as definite ambitions, just as decided likes and dislikes, just as pronounced aptitudes for certain lines of work as their elders in the studios.

"When I grow up, I want to be a great emotional actress," said blue-

eyed, sunny-haired Zoe Du Rae, a child from the juvenile company at Universal City, the other day. "I think I should be like Sarah Bernhardt. Mother says that she is a very great actress."

In a recent picture Zoe was instructed to walk to a closet door and open it. As she did so, she was to discover the body of a man on the floor and run away as fast as she could. The future Bernhardt, however, had her own ideas of how things should be done. She opened the door as per instructions, but when her eyes fell on the form of the prostrate man, she shrieked, put her hands over her eyes and fell in a faint, as she had seen the older actresses do.

Lois Alexander, a charming, brown-eyed child at the same studio, delights in nothing more than playing boys' parts. Her introduction to the boy character was romantic. One day the director discovered suddenly that he wanted to put a boy in his picture—a ragged boy, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm.



LASKY

Peggy George and Billy Jacobs try a rehearsal without a director.



There was no boy to be had right then, but a certain sturdy, bright-eyed little girl spoke up and begged to be allowed to play the part. The director gave his consent if she would hurry, and in exactly ten minutes Lois Alexander walked out of the dressing-room, the most adorable slip of a newsboy that ever "hustled papers" on the streets.

Virginia Myers, the daughter of the New York artists, Jerome and Ethel Myers, the beautiful girl of nine whose technique as a dancer has baffled the critics, has her career marked out for her.

She appears regularly at given intervals at subscription performances before New York's most critical audiences. Her appearance in pictures was in a special reel of dances for the Edison Company. For this, the graceful child received the royal salary of \$300 for seven minutes. In the near future she is to be featured in a series of special pictures.

There are two ambitious little screen actresses who have their hearts set on rivaling Pavlowa. Virginia Gitchell, who appears in the prologue of Thomas Ince's latest spectacle, "Civilization," is a member of the ballet school of the Metropolitan Opera. Lena Baskette is a

dark-haired little dancer with the Universal Company. She danced at the request of the great Pavlowa at a private exhibition, and is to be featured in a number of dancing pictures, directed by Lois Weber.

Ethelmary Oakland, who appears with Frederick Warde in "Silas Marner," wants to be an ingenue, just like Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark and Mary Miles Minter. She has had a remarkable career, this blue-eyed, light-haired little maid. She has appeared both on the stage and in pictures. She was with Madge Lessing in "Fads and Fancies" several seasons ago, and played the role of the Japanese baby in "Madame Butterfly" with the Boston Opera Company in New York last winter. She played one of the leading roles in "School Bells," a picture made up largely of children.

There are comparatively few children in motion pictures. Not many more than one hundred appear regularly in pictures at all the studios together. Aside from these, there are children who play occasionally in small "extra" parts or in scenes requiring large numbers of juveniles. The education of these children is rigidly looked after. Many of them have private tutors, but the majority of motion picture children in New York attend the school for



UNIVERSAL

Lena Baskette is the dark-haired girl who is instructing Zoe Du Rae and Dorothy Clark in the mazes of a new dance step.



stage children at the Rehearsal Club, an organization of professional women. Here they pursue the same studies as the children in the public schools. They are given leave of absence for work only by permission of the Gerry Society. At Universal City there is a school for the children, which is conducted all the year round.

The professional children are eager for education. From their constant association with adults, probably, as well as from their more comprehensive view of life than the average child which comes from their peculiar experiences, they seem to be endowed with unusual seriousness and ambition.

They take their acting seriously. But when they are away from the camera, back of the footlights, away from their studies, they are only children, indeed. They all have their favorite playthings and their favorite pastimes.

Clara Horton, a child whose success in amateur theatricals in Brooklyn, N. Y., led to a career as a juvenile professional, has a collection of wonderful dolls which have been sent her by admirers from every country. Virginia Myers has a batch of wonderful Angora kittens, and when she is not reading in a corner of the studio where her father works at his paintings and etchings, or drawing sketches of her own, she is playing with them. Bobby Connelly, the precocious child of the Vitagraph studios, has a magnificent dog, which accompanies his small master to the studio every morning.

Katherine and Jane Lee, four and six years old, the two most famous motion picture children, perhaps, receive together a salary closely approximating \$200 a week. They spent a good share of the winter in Bermuda, with Annette Kellermann, working in her picture, "A Daughter of the Gods," and are under long-time contracts with the Fox Company, as are Kittens Reichert and Miriam Battista.

The children who are "played up" in film drama receive, on an average, from \$30 to \$60 a week. Those under contract, but playing smaller parts, are paid from \$15 to \$35 a week, while the "extras," hired from day to day, receive from \$3 to \$10 a day. Most of the children have definite ideas about the value of money, which are being inculcated into their minds, probably, by sensible parents and guardians, who feel that the game is an uncertain one, and it is best to gather the golden plums while the gathering is good. Most of the children are saving the contents



INCE  
Virginia Getchell, who has a good part in "Civilization," selects her own pose.

of their weekly pay envelopes for particular purposes.

Billy Jacobs, a curly-headed youngster of the Lasky cohorts, has purchased a motor car, and with his own earnings supports a chauffeur, while chubby little Peggy George, his playmate and co-player, is buying a bungalow covered with roses and with little bird houses built in the vines, so that "the birdies" will come to live with her. Ethelmary Oakland, so her

mother says, has a perfect mania for helping the war orphans, and aside from appearing at countless "benefits" for the European war victims, she has donated a good share of her salary every week to "the cause."

There is Thelma Salter, a light, curly-headed child, who plays with many of the western companies; there is Dodo Newton, the pretty little girl who made a decided hit in a black velvet Lord Fauntleroy and a gun and a drum in "Soul Mates," with William Clifford; there is Francis Carpenter, who appeared in "Old Heidelberg;" and Betty Marsh, the niece of Mae Marsh; and George Stone, of the Triangle studio; and then there are Madeline Barrett, Ella Hall, Harry Depp, Georgia French and Antrim Short, of the juvenile company at Universal City. On their young shoulders falls much of the responsibility of success of the movies.

The motion picture director was right. The magic touch of childhood is "what gets them" every time—the magic touch of childhood, which raises the laugh that is half weep and makes the members of the audience feel akin.



### Elegy Written in a Country Garage

By J. P. ROBINSON

THE CURFEW tolls the knell of parting day,  
The common herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The workman homeward wends his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Into the Little Car behind the barn,  
I pour some gasoline with all my might,  
Then light the lamps and crank the dev'lish thing,  
And disappear into the murky night.

Let yokels snore along the country pike,  
Uncanny early to the arms of Morpheus go.  
My Little Car and I are on the hike  
For town—and then the nearest picture show.



## On the Side Lines with the Director

THE DIRECTORS are blamed for a lot of things, these days. You can ooze in to any bunch of screen people sitting around a table talking it over after the rehearsal, and according to them, the director is directly responsible for every flaw in the picture. According to them, he takes all the fat parts away from everybody, and he has absolutely no conception as to the continuity of the picture, and he chops up a play until even its own author wouldn't know it.

The popular conception of the screen director is about as varied as the appearance of the popular band director. One likes to think of him as gyrating madly about a studio, bawling through a megaphone and ordering timid little screen girls about like an overseer in a cotton patch.

Once in a while you run across a director who does none of these things. Sidney Olcott, Famous Players' director, has a



Mr. Olcott, in his famous impersonation of the Irish fisherman.



Sidney Olcott uses up all his vacations in revising scripts, ready for direction.

reputation for doing some pretty good directing; but he does not bawl, he does not dash about, he seldom uses a megaphone, and he keeps on perfectly good terms with everybody with whom he works.

Even in the days when courtesy was an unknown quantity in a screen studio, and the qualifications of the director would seem to consist of an abstracted frown and a portentous bellow, accompanied by a rude manner, Mr. Olcott believed in courtesy. He was a firm advocate of the principle that much better results can be attained by poise and serenity in a rehearsal than in the process of frightening half the cast into tears and angering the remainder to the point of murder.

Nothing like that in one of Mr. Olcott's plays.

First he studies out every detail of the play given him for direction. He goes over it with a searchlight, selecting the most telling points for emphasis. Night after night, when rehearsal is over, Mr. Olcott is bending over his study table, sorting, arranging and otherwise assembling the scenes for the next day. There was once when Miss Pickford sauntered into the studio, when rehearsals for "Madame Butterfly" were on, wearing a kimono that looked all right to everybody else. But not to Director Olcott. He had spent many weeks in Japan, and he knew just what belonged to whom. That kimono was wrong, and he spent some time in low-voiced and earnest conversation with Miss Pickford before the scene went on. When it did, she wore the right type of kimono.

When he was directing Donald Brian in "The Smugglers," somebody brought him a cheap string of pearls from the Famous Players "morgue," where all the properties are kept.





Sidney Olcott, as the old Irish weaver.

Mr. Olcott looked at them gravely.

"The camera is pitiless, you know," he said. "It shows up quality. We must have better pearls."

In one of the scenes Mr. Brian was to pose for a close-up, showing only the pearls in his hands. The lights were strong, and Mr. Brian, unaware of their effect on his eyes, stepped forward for the camera. A bit of confidential advice from the director followed, and the camera was stopped until a pair of brown glasses were found for the actor.

"That light is pretty strong on the eyes, Mr. Brian," suggested Mr. Olcott quietly.

Everything he does is apt to be quietly done—but generally it does not have to be done over.

Mr. Olcott loves a bit of comedy himself, now and then.

On a recent trip into the wilds of Canada, he registered at a modern hotel in a medium-sized town. After his name he wrote "M.P."

The hotel management tendered him the best in the house. Nothing was too good for him. Within a few hours reporters arrived. Reporters are nothing in Mr. Olcott's young life. He knows plenty of them, and they all like him, so it was nothing unusual for them to ask for information. But when his work of directing scenes in the logging district was over, he took the time to explain gravely that the "M.P." following his name did not mean "Member of Parliament" at all. It meant "Motion Pictures."

His off time is spent in hunting locations. Having spent much time abroad, he is quick to note a foreign-looking locality and store it away in his memory for future use. He knows exactly where to put his hands

on an estate that has English gardens or Japanese lakes or Florentine walks; when needs must. And it would be a stern heart, indeed, that could withstand the coaxing smile that Sid Olcott can flash when he is asking for the loan of a house or a garden or a logging camp for his motion pictures.

Even a Japanese mother capitulated to him once when he wanted to "borry the loan, pl'aze, ma'am," of a wee Japanese baby for one of his scenes. Japanese mothers are not keen about loaning their babies, and the difficulty rather grew; but Mr. Olcott hunted up a Japanese colony in which lived some young Japanese he had once befriended on a trip to Japan in cherry-blossom time, and his warm smile soon won a promise that the "sure 'nuff" Jap baby would be right on hand the next morning when needed.

Mr. Olcott is the originator of the modern school of directing, if there can be anything modern in a business that changes once a week, like a farmer boy's socks. Bluff, bluster and noise have no place in his directing.



It's Sidney Olcott, all right, playing a grasping Irish landlord.





LASKY

Victor Moore, in "The Clown," a picture that mingles laughter and pathos so closely as to make it an exquisite bit of harmony, is horrified when he finds one of the circus children sampling his grease paints.



LASKY

All the circus children love the clown, and his dressing-room friend insists on going into the ring with the famous clown and his goose. Only fierce threats and a motherly persuasion induce him to remain behind.

### The Making of a Comedy

"I ONLY wanted to know," began the visitor, "why the rejection slip of the Keystone Comedy Company is so well known to the scenario writers."

Hampton Del Ruth, managing editor and assistant manager of productions of the Keystone, whirled around on the starch box on which he was reposing for a few brief moments.

"You got many of them?" he remarked curiously.

"Not a one," promptly returned the visitor. "Never wrote a scenario in my life, and that isn't all——"

"Yes," said Del Ruth, wearily, "they say there are a few of them left; but I really didn't believe it. However——"

"Nevertheless," said the visitor, with dignity, "they tell me that you chaps write your own scenarios. How do you do it?"

"It's a long story," said Del Ruth. "You see, I have a lot of ideas milling around in the back of my head. It may be an incident I have noted—it may be a plot that has come to me. I call in two of my staff for a conference and give them my ideas on just about what we want. We talk it over, and then each man is turned loose to plan out the scenario in his own way."

"Two?" said the visitor. "Why two?"

Mr. Del Ruth grinned patiently. He is accustomed to foolish questions. But he explained.

This is the way they do it. A couple of days after giving them the assignment, the writers come back with the finished product. Each one reads a synopsis. Del Ruth listens without comment. Then he calls in a

shorthand writer and skillfully combines the two scenarios. And then comes the casting.

The director, his assistant and the cast go over the story. They begin rehearsals, and every night the camera men turn in the photographed stuff of the day. This is thrown on the screen in the projection room early next morning, and the director goes carefully over it, noting changes and eliminations. When the picture is finished, it needs cutting. It is shown in full, and the cuts made carefully by the director, and the titles called as the picture is reeled out.

"A lot of this work must be done by the director while the rest of the company are blissfully resting or dining after the day's work," explained Mr. Del Ruth. "A director's life isn't the butterfly existence it is cracked up to be. Now I trust you see the reason why we do not buy outside scripts, and why it is that we are all joint authors of the script."

"I see," murmured the visitor, backing out of the way of a determined-looking stage carpenter, who seemed bent on building a drawing-room set on the exact spot occupied by the visitor. Even the starch-box divan of the director was lost in the melee.

❖ ❖

### My Fate

By JAMES G. GABLE

When I go to a picture show  
And find the room is hot,  
I sit down in a vacant seat,  
And then, as like as not,  
When I start in to view the screen,  
A fat dame comes in glee.  
She glances all around the room—  
And then sits down by me.



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MOROSCO-PARAMOUNT

Lenore Ulrich is a mystic, and she prefers a silhouette to any other form of photograph.





VITAGRAPH

Secretary McAdoo writes a pass, giving Lillian Walker permission to visit the United States Treasury to get scenes for her play, "The Adventures of Bill," written by Hon. Irv. Cobb.



VITAGRAPH

The superintendent of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving hands Miss Walker a pass for his department.



VITAGRAPH

The United States Treasurer and his assistant hand Miss Walker the trifling amount of \$40,000,000. Gee, fellers!

#### Where Money Is Made

**L**ILLIAN WALKER had a good time when she went to Washington to film some scenes for her play, "The Adventures of Bill." Miss Walker had permission from the government to roam through the United States Treasury Department. Picking up a bundle of \$40,000,000 was a mere bagatelle for this intrepid screen actress. She probably has handled more money than any other girl in the world, in her brief trips through the Treasury; but it has not gone to her head—not the least little bit. It takes more than money to scare Lillian Walker.



## Douglas Fairbanks Gets His Mail!



TRIANGLE

Wow! More mail?



"DON'T it beat all?" laughed Douglas Fairbanks, wading through a pile of mail. "I thought my responsibility was ended with bringing up my own small boy; but from the looks of these letters, seems to me I've got about a thousand small boys to look after. Here I am, cut out for a Peck's Bad Boy, and I must be a shining example to these youngsters, who write that they bring their parents to see me on the screen. Some job, eh?"

Stage stars think they get their share of letters. But the screen stars add to the burdens of the patient postman considerably, with the letters that the fans write them. And the youngsters have picked out Douglas Fairbanks as their especial friend. For good, honest, unrestrained laughter makes comrades of us all.

"Half of my letters are 'repeaters,'" grinned Fairbanks, shuffling the morning's mail. "I answer every one of 'em. Bless me, it would never do to have these kidlets wait and wait for an answer to the letter they wrote me! And they write regularly, so I have a correspondence that is equal to any correspondence school ever started. Want to see what they write me? Bless 'em, these letters come straight from their childish little hearts!"

From Yonkers—age 14:

DEAR MR. FAIRBANKS—My brother and I went down to see you last night, and we *walked* all the way down to the square and back, because the cars are not yet running, and the only jitney in sight looked like a police patrol. The play was excruciatingly funny. Doesn't it seem to you, when you think something awfully nice about a person, that you ought to tell them? Life is so full of knocks, we need something to counteract it. And then you can be pathetic, too. For true pathos, the scene where you find your gas meter has run out takes the prize.

P.S. If your secretary gets this and doesn't let you see it, please let me know, so I won't hold it up against you.

From Sidney, Australia, came a letter that was short but straight to the point:

DEAR MR. FAIRBANKS—We all like you. Father likes you for your action, mother likes you for your smile, I like you for yourself, and my kid brother likes you because you can lick anybody in all the world. We want to be your friends, and friends should always have a picture. Mayn't we? Your friend, anyhow, ———.

From Jersey City—"cross the way"—aged 11:

DEAR MR. FAIRBANKS—Do you ever walk around? 'Cause I do, too, and I want to tell you, don't be surprised if I run up to you some day and say, "Hello!" Then just please say back to me, "H'lo, Rosie!"

P.S. Perhaps if you would send me a photo, I might know you quicker.

From Los Angeles—pink note paper—age 12:

DEAR MR. FAIRBANKS—You are my favorite actress. I saw you in the "Habit of Happiness," and I liked the part where you tried to make that old man laugh. I will be very happy to have you send me a photograph.

From Pensacola, Fla.—aged 7:

DEAR DOUGLAS—I love to see you fight. Didn't you get hurt in that fight in "Reggie Mixes In"? You sure did beat up that other fellow! Won't you send me one of your pictures? With love. ———.

From New Orleans, La.—age 12:

MY DEAR MR. FAIRBANKS—I thank you a hundred times for the letter and your picture. I feel quite grand corresponding with a real movie actor. I am the first person that I know of who has ever received a letter from a movie star. If you would rather be a cow puncher, as you wrote me, why don't you be one? I am going to try and be an actress, though I'd rather be an actor, because people seem to like them better. Are you always laughing like you are on the screen? Do you know, I feel as if I knew you intimately—as if I went to school with you? I just can't believe that movie people are like other people, they look so different. Do you know Miss Clark, and is she cute as she is on the screen? Sincerely, ———.

From New York City—age 13:

MY DEAR MR. FAIRBANKS—Do you remember two weeks ago last Friday, the night you and Miss Pickford were at the Allied Bazaar? A boy came up to you and spoke to you for a while. That is who I am. My, but you certainly are lucky to know Miss Pickford! I met her the night I met you, and I haven't got over it yet. After having met you both that night, I could hardly get to sleep at all. The first thing I did the next morning was to write to my friend, Bill, out West, and tell him. He wrote back and said that he, too, had met you, and that you had given him your photograph. I'm glad you did, because his father just died, and he needs to be cheered up. Bill and I used to go to school together, until his father died, and we used to lie in bed at nights and wish we were in Los Angeles. We also used to imagine we knew all the picture people, and what fine times we had with them! He got his wish, and so did I:





# How to be a Giant in Energy, Health and Mind

Unless your body, in every department, including the mind, is capable of withstanding abuse without distress, you have no real health, living, vital and mental power. You have but negative health. You are well by mere accident. Real health and real success come only through the power to live and to succeed. The Swoboda character of health, vitality and energy will enable you to enjoy conditions that now distress you. A unique, new and wonderful discovery that furnishes the body and brain cells with a degree of energy that surpasses imagination.

**T**HERE is a new and wonderful system of reconstructing and re-creating the human organism—a system of mental and physical development that has already revolutionized the lives of men and women all over the country. It has brought them a new kind of health, strength, energy, confidence and success. It has given them such marvelous energy of mind and body that they enjoy a life so full, so intense, so thoroughly worth while, that the old life to which they were accustomed seemed totally inferior in every respect.

This new system, although it has already resulted in the complete recovery of thousands upon thousands of "extreme" cases, is just as valuable to people who *are* satisfied with their health. It gives them an entirely new idea of how truly healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with energy, dash and life. And it is so thoroughly

natural and simple that it accomplishes seemingly impossible results entirely without the use of drugs, medicines or dieting, without weights, exercisers or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging or electricity or cold baths or forced deep breathing—in fact this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like and neither does it ask you to give up anything you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you begin to feel renewed after the first five minutes.

## How the Cells Govern Life

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails, we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are listless, when we haven't smashing, driving power back of our thoughts and actions, when we must force ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when

we are sick or ailing, or when, for any reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is simply because certain cells are weak and inactive or totally dead. And this is true of ninety people out of every hundred, even among those who think they are well but who are in reality missing half the pleasures of living. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda and resulted in his marvelous system of cell-culture.

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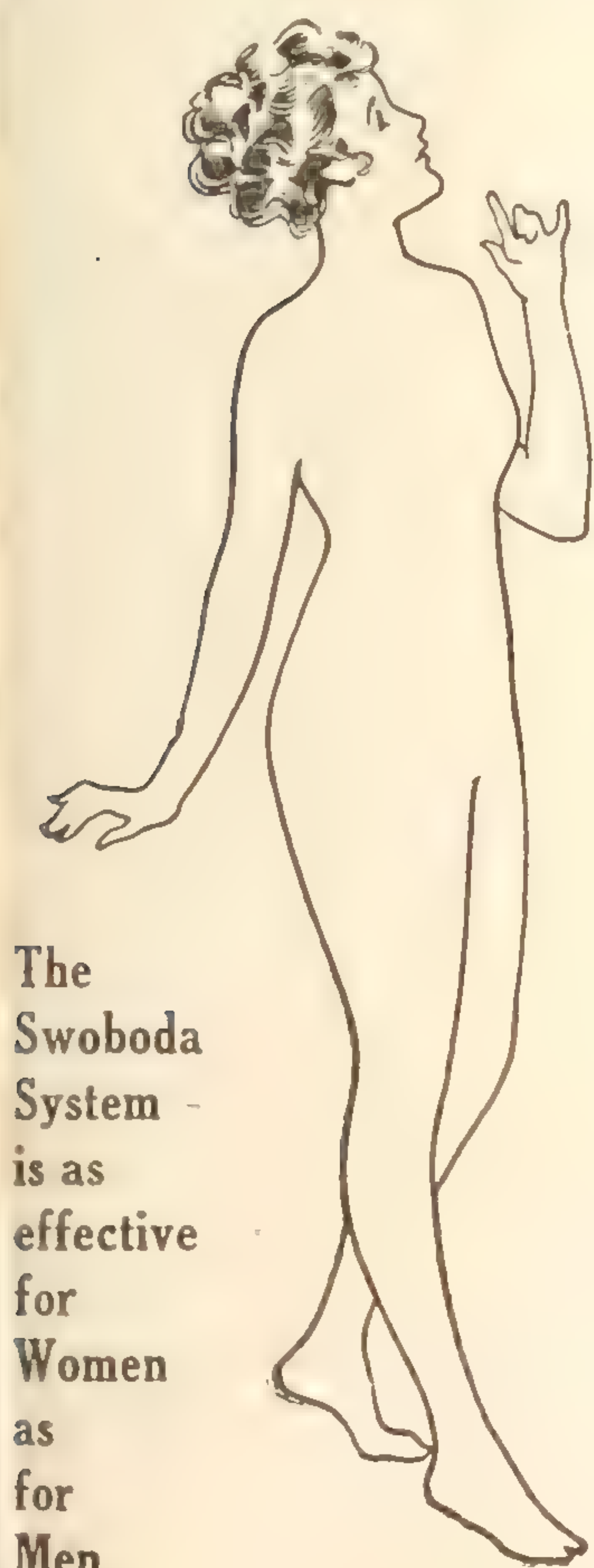
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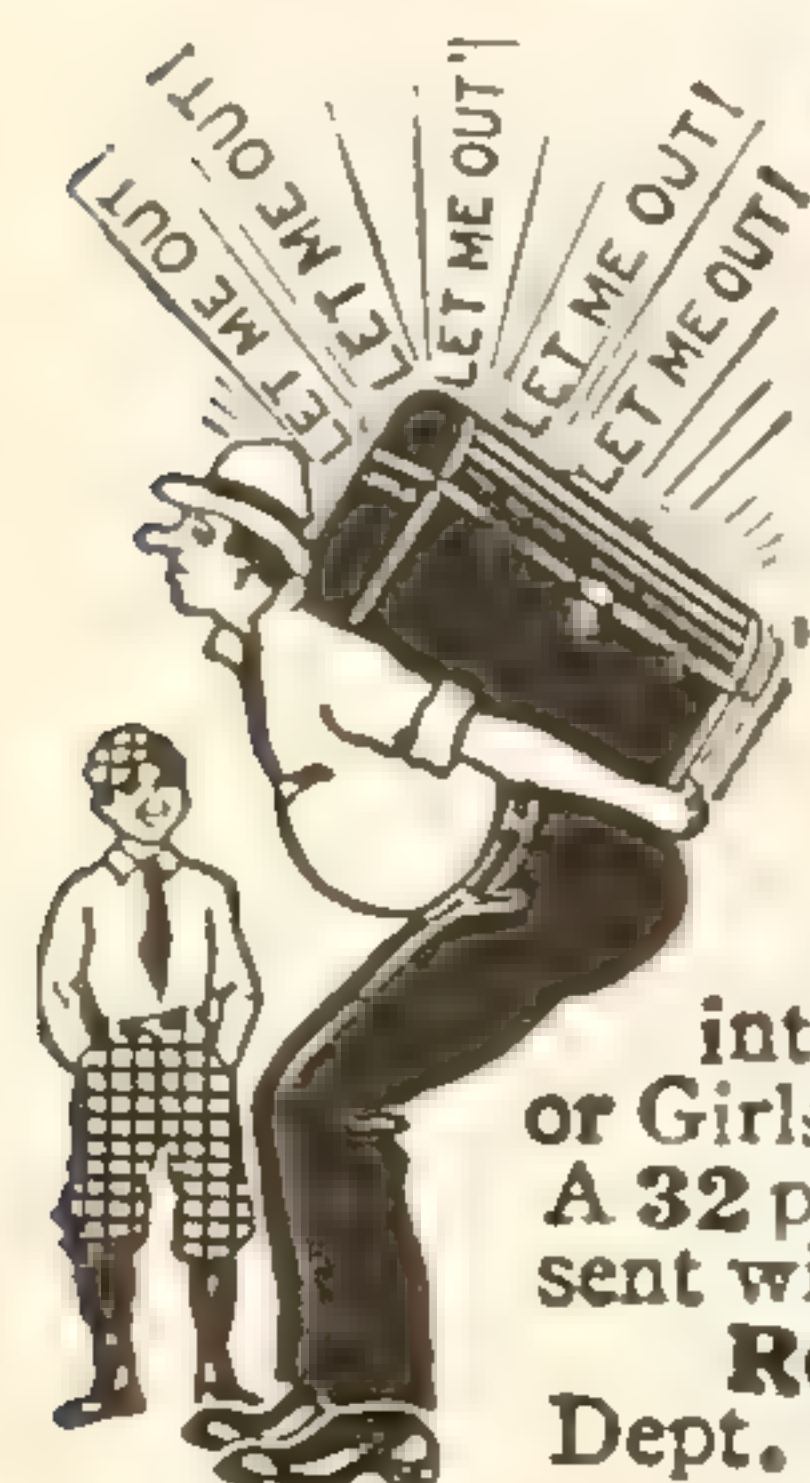
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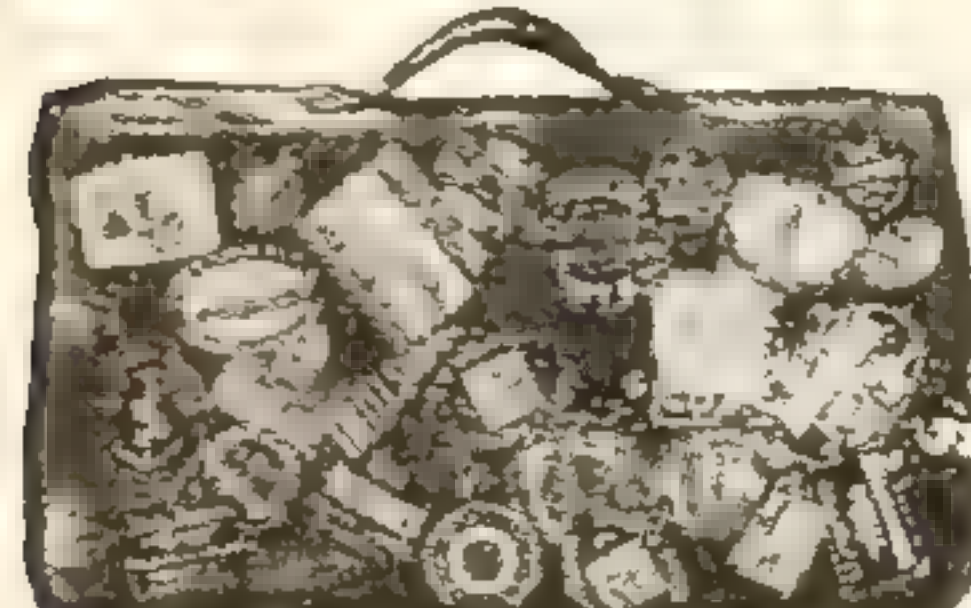
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## Who's Who and Where

Mme. Alla Nazimova, the great tragedienne, is making her film debut under the direction of Herbert Brenon and Lewis J. Selznick, in an adaptation of her play, "War Brides."



George W. Fawcett, the distinguished actor, it is predicted, will achieve the greatest artistic success in his career in the role of Judge Silas Whipple, in "The Crisis."



Una Venning, a popular little star of the stage and screen, with a large following both in this country and Europe, makes her first appearance as a Mutualite in "A Welsh Singer," latest of the Mutual Star productions, in which Florence Turner is the featured player.



Marie Dressler has her own motion picture corporation, in which she will be the star actress, scenario editor and stage director. The comedienne is fully incorporated at Albany, under the laws of New York State. The incorporators are Miss Dressler herself, J. L. Dalton and William A. Brady, director-general of the World Film Corporation, through which the Dressler output of screen comedies is to be distributed.



A bear can't get life insurance in the United States. Pete Balboa, Jr., is a bear, and he couldn't get his life insured for \$200. His next friend, Norman Manning, business manager of the Balboa Amusement Producing Company, Long Beach, Cal., nearly busted up the whole insurance business trying to get Pete's life insured, and when the smoke had cleared away, he was told that he would have to apply to London Lloyds for the insurance.



The Herbert Brenon Film Corporation has set a new speed record. The corporation came into existence the last week in July, Nazimova signed a contract immediately to appear in "War Brides," and by the second week in August active work in making the various scenes was in progress. Mr. Brenon declines to guarantee to finish any film in any specific length of time, as he will not let it go out of his hands until he considers it perfect; but it is probable that his first production will be on view by October 1st.



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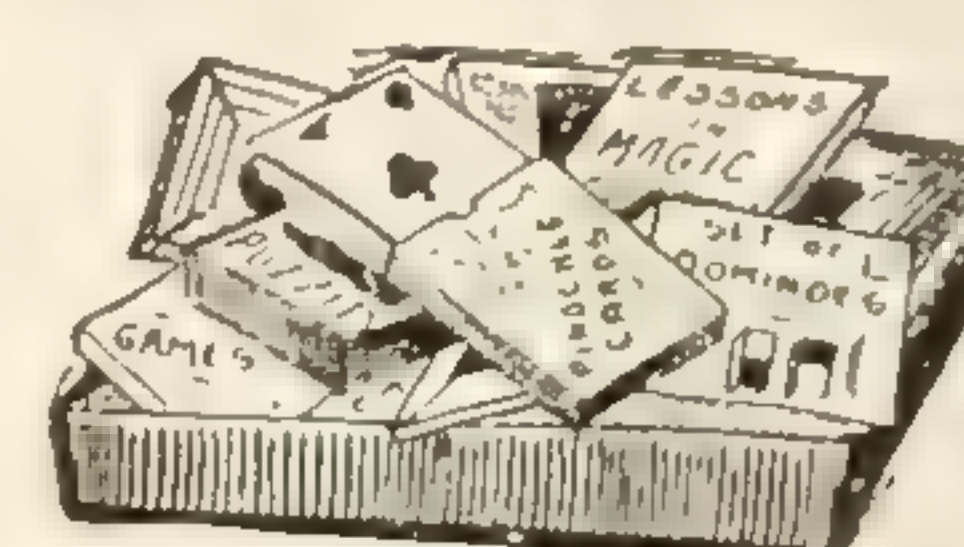
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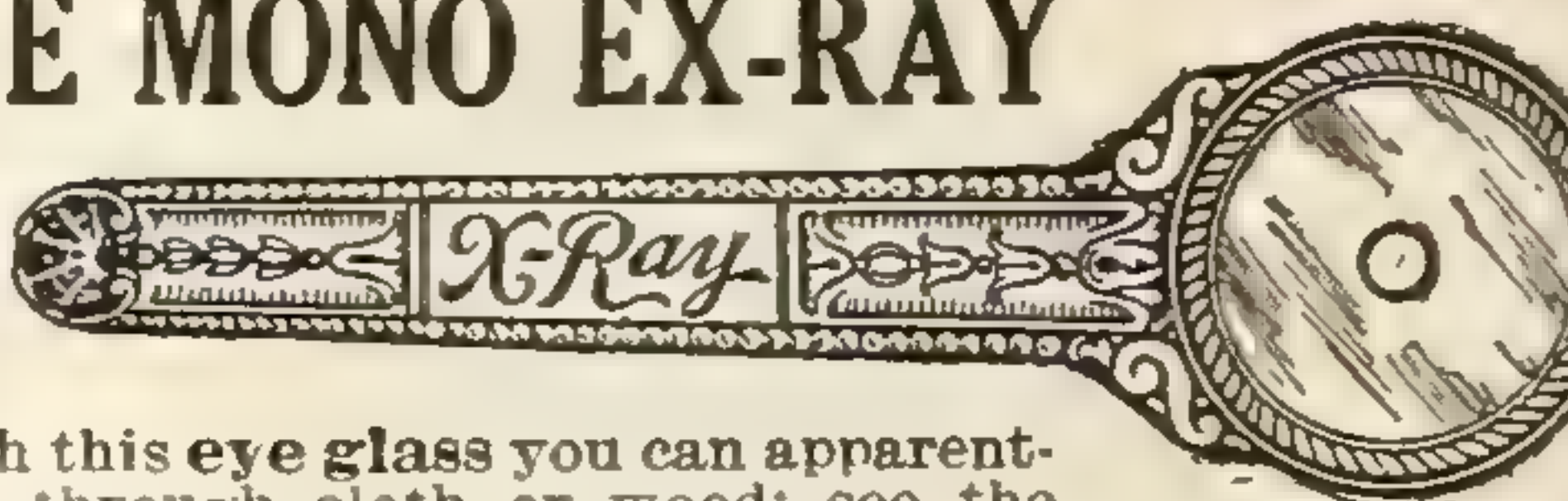
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Bud Duncan joined Kalem when he was chased out of Mexico by the revolution in 1913.



Vivian Reed is given to wearing soft pastel shades that show off her blond beauty to excellent advantage.



Helen Gibson never gets time to walk, alternating between thrills on horseback, motor cycle, engine and automobile.



Ethel Teare, who has returned to Ham and Bud pictures, confesses that she isn't eating candy these days. Perhaps the girls know why.



Ivy Close fears she will have to engage a nurse and ship her pet dachshund back to London. He is homesick for sight of a Zeppelin, she says.



A forthcoming Bluebird feature is "Lady Eldon's Daughter"—unless they change the name the last thing. Lois Zellner wrote it, and Violet Mersereau is to star in it.



Crane Wilbur picked Miss Iona Hartley, of Paterson, N. J., as the winner of his salesgirl-stenographer contest, and now her father refuses to allow her to go to the Western coast.



Frank Lloyd, the latest acquisition to the Fox directing force, has commenced work on a five-reel feature with a specially selected cast. Frank Lloyd is the man who did so much to uphold the output of the Morosco and Pallas photoplays.



Mary Brooks and Alan Fisher are married. Mary Brooks is Anna Little, of the Flying A, and Alan Fisher is Alan Forrest. The wedding at Santa Barbara, August 19th, was the outcome of a romance extending over two years. Miss Little was given away by Richard Willis, friend and business representative, while Rena Rogers (Mrs. Frank Borzage) and Rhea Mitchell made the necessary background and shed the usual happy tears on behalf of the bride.



Mary Pickford now announces that her first production, under her new arrangement, will be "Less Than the Dust," a picture play that will run for an entire afternoon and evening's entertainment, and which will have the most elaborate production and most notable supporting cast that could be made and assembled for a motion picture presentation. The play was written by Hector Turnbull and is now being completed before the camera by John Emerson, the director.



Helene Rosson, whose recent marriage to Ashton Dearholt entitles her still to qualify for the newlywed class, tells of her novel honeymoon trip. They journeyed from Santa Barbara through San Marcos pass and found a picturesque camping spot at the foot of a mountain. After the evening meal, prepared on an open fire, the couple sat and listened to the stirring night life in the canyon. "It was awfully spooky," Helene said. "I imagined all the time that big green eyes were staring at me. In the morning the most gorgeous fragrance of frying bacon greeted me, and I never enjoyed a breakfast so much. When we returned to Santa Barbara, we went to one of the big hotels for dinner, but the food didn't taste right after our campfire grub."

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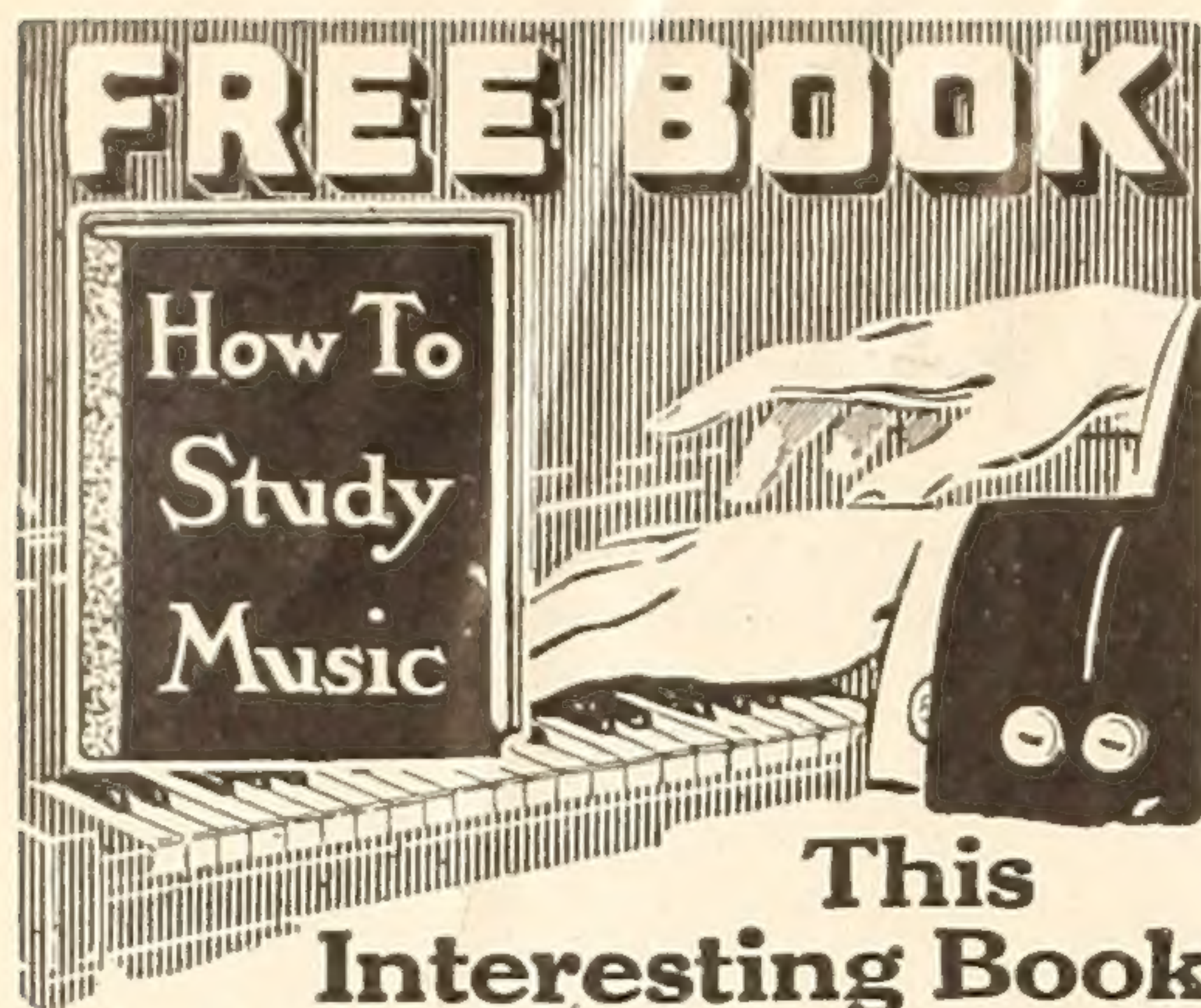
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Le Monte Waldron, son of J. A. Waldron, editor of *Judge*, is maintaining his reputation as a writer of virile picture plays. Mr. Waldron wrote "The Grip of Evil," Pathe's big play, that is produced by the Balboa Company, featuring Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottemley.



"A woman without style is like a mouse trap without cheese," says Madeleine Le Nard, actress in William Fox's "Her Double Life." "Neither of them will catch anything." Don't you believe it, Madeleine. A pinch of oatmeal on a mouse trap will catch any mouse, and many a woman is more alluring in a gingham gown than in evening regalia.



Director Harry Harvey, of Balboa, is the only Medal of Honor man in the moving picture industry, and one of the very few in the United States. Harry's award is signed by President McKinley, and he won it by gallantry in action at Binictican, Luzon, P. I., where, with seven men, he whipped out a greatly superior attacking force of rebels. Harry saw service in the United States cavalry before enlisting in the Marine Corps, where he made his brilliant record.



A. H. Hilton, the Paramount exhibitor of Lewistown, Ia., has inaugurated a "midnight matinee." He opens it at midnight sharp, dresses the ushers in pajamas, the orchestra burlesques the music, and he gives everybody a rattle to keep time with. The police and fire departments were called on the job to handle the crowd. They turned away three times as many people as they played to. Many were willing to pay two bits for standing room.



Vivian Edwards, of the Mack Sennett-Keystone forces, stamped a little foot savagely on the floor of her dressing-room, as a protest against always being cast in the role of a heartbroken wife. "For two years I have been dying to have an opportunity to laugh in pictures, and they won't let me do anything but cry," sobbed the talented little Keystone. "If they don't make some laughs for me pretty soon, some of these days I'll make some of my own, and it won't be my fault if they don't happen to come in the right place."



## "THE SHOCK ABSORBER"



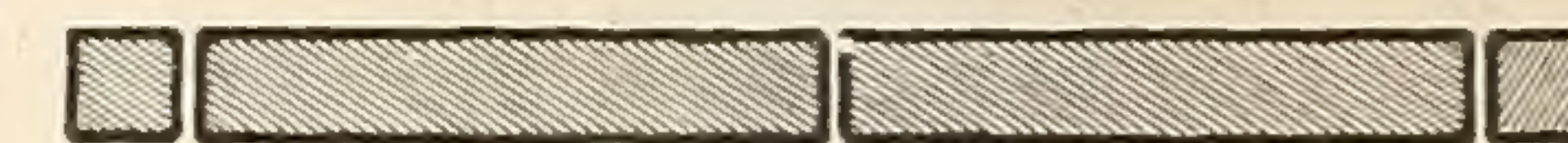
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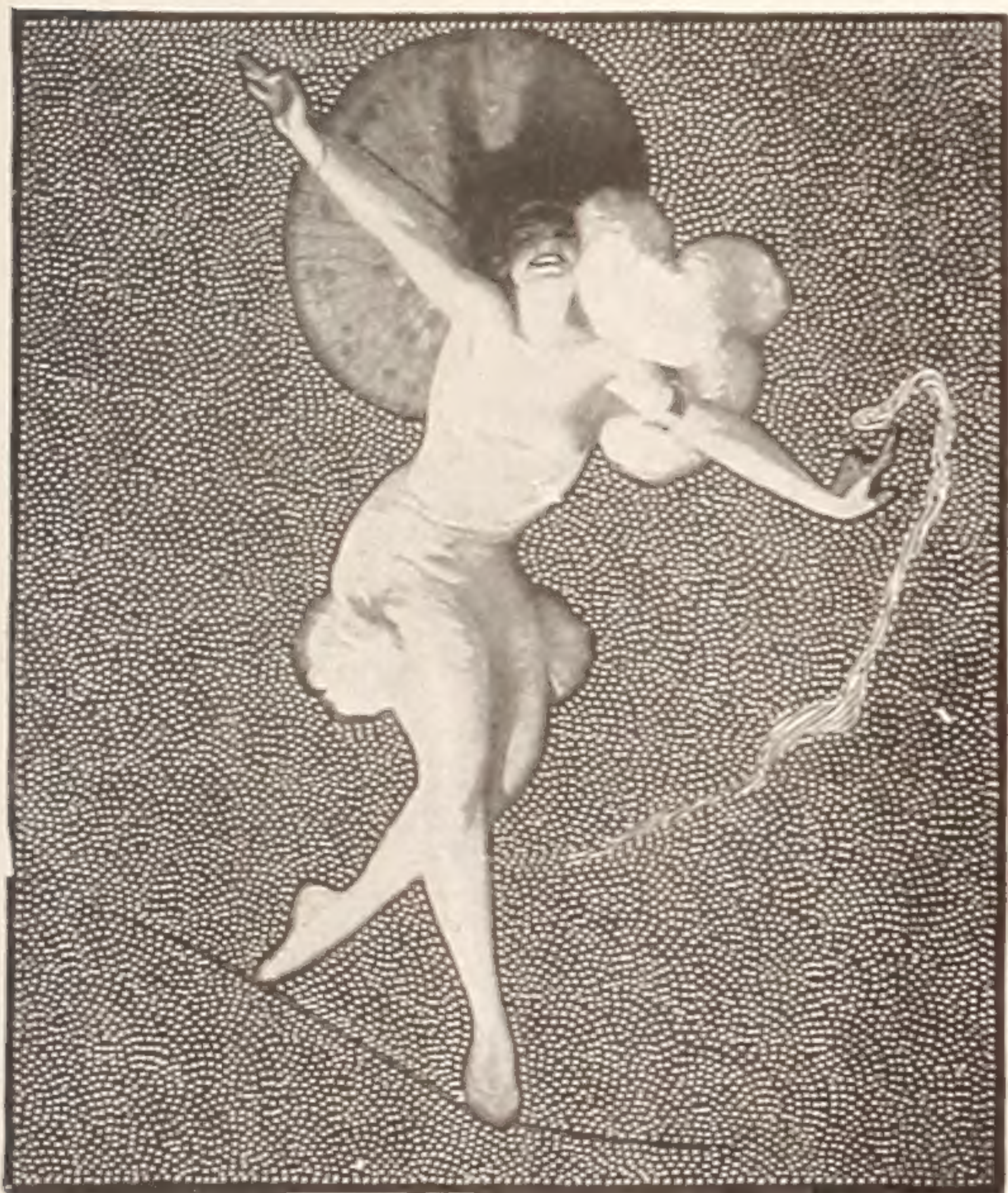


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